

Pain, Hatred, Sacrifice

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Rating:

Teen And Up Audiences

Archive Warning:

Major Character Death

Category:

Gen

Fandom:

Skullgirls (Video Game), Pikmin (Video Game)

Relationship:

Painwheel | Carol & Pikmin, Painwheel | Carol & Red Pikmin, Painwheel | Carol & Yellow Pikmin, Painwheel | Carol & Purple Pikmin, Painwheel | Carol & White Pikmin, Blue Pikmin & Painwheel | Carol

Character:

Painwheel | Carol, Red Pikmin, Yellow Pikmin, Blue Pikmin, Purple Pikmin, White Pikmin, Pikmin

Additional Tags:

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Part 6 of [Pikmins On Another Planet](#)

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by [MiaQc](#)

Summary

Tragic first-person POV one-shot. Painwheel always has pain all over her body. A group of Pikmins wants to ease her suffering with their blood.

- A translation of [Douleur, haine, sacrifice](#) by [MiaQc](#)

Pain.

Pain is always coursing through my body.

Everywhere.

Since Brain Drain and Valentine turned me into Painwheel.

Hatred? That's nothing compared to my feelings for them.

I want them to die, I want them to suffer.

I want their blood to splatter on the walls.

I want to grind Valentine's bones, Brain Drain's circuits.

The worst part is, they know.

They know that very well.

But Brain Drain keeps me on a tight leash with his psychic powers.

Well, he tries, but he'll never be able to control me completely.

That's one good thing.

Suddenly, my dark thoughts of murder and gory revenge are interrupted.

By a scream, a cry I've never heard before.

I turn around.

A group of Pikmins look at me.

I count eight.

One Red, two Yellow, three Blue, one Purple and one White.

They're weeping and they're terrified.

Then the Purple Pikmin approaches me.

He gently touches my leg.

And our minds connect.

These Pikmins feel my pain.

They want to lessen my suffering with their sacrifices.

I don't want to kill them.

Thus the Purple Pikmin waves to the others.

The whole group attacks me.

I clench my arms and legs.

I want to stop my synthetic parasites from activating.

All in vain.

The spikes come out of my flesh.

They impale the Pikmins.

Their colorful, juice-like blood is sprayed on me.

I scream in sadness and despair.

But the pain, my pain, is lighter.

Pikmins' blood has a soothing effect on my body.

It disgusts me.

I drive the spikes back into my flesh.

The eight Pikmins' corpses fall to the ground.

And I run away, without looking back.

The Pikmins' blood is still on me.

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